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Cloak, Dagger Cover-ups

Few spies ever come in from the cold and when they do, their employers are slow to 'fess up that they've ever known the blighters — probably one of the occupational hazards of the cloak and dagger trade.

The Russians weren't too imaginative in announcing that a John Smith had swung over to the proletariat with his "confession" published in a Moscow magazine under the sensational title of "I Was a Spy for the CIA." The United States State Department said yes, it once employed a John Smith from Quincy, Mass., but no, it knew nothing of any defection involving him and

found no evidence he ever worked for the CIA.

Smith's "confession" is a sequel to an American report that Russia's Lt. Col. Yevgeny Runge of the Soviet intelligence service had exposed two spy rings in West Germany and turned up two days later in the United States. In true 007 fashion, the Russians have denied that Runge had ever "served in the Soviet army or in Soviet security bodies." True or fictional, spies lead a lonely existence, and once his cloak of secrecy is removed, a spy is about as useful as a pair of ice skates in the Sahara.